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SELECTED TALES.

The Hero Woman.

A Romance of the Revolution.

In a thick wood, not more than half a mile from the Schulykill, there stood, in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stones, and encircled by a pallisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores—as a blockhouse intended for defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its numerous chimnies, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stones, its encircling wall through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly built gate; it stood in the midst of the woods, with age-worn trees encircling its veteran outline on every side.

From its eastern windows you might obtain a glimpse of the Schulykill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road as it sank out of sight, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than a hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy days which look in upon the dreary autumn, towards the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilated eyes and half clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south, and listen with painful intensity to the slightest sound! Her brothers were away in the army of Washington, and her father, a grim old veteran—he stood six feet three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red coat invaders in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of brave farmers about to join the hosts of freedom. Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight, from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense, the shouts of combatants, the hurried tread of armed men, echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture. The form of the young girl framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear—there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair waving in glossy masses around her face.

Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, merging from the deep hollow, there came an old man running at full speed, yet, every few paces, turning round to fire his rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window. He reaches the large block house—look! He is surrounded—their muskets are levelled at his head—he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again!—He dashes his foes aside—with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant and it is locked! The British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stones, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his grey hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death struggle.

Death struggle? Yes!—for the old man Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer, and they would be reinforced by a large party of refugees—the powder, the arms in the old blockhouse, perhaps his daughter, herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, yet he had determined to make a desperate struggle.

We must bluff off these rascals! said he with a grim smile, turning to his child.—Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on until the whole eight shots are fired! That will keep them on the other side of the wall for a few moments, at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest!"

Look down there, and see a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levelled his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but suddenly growing firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British bravoes are somewhat loth to try that wall, when a stout old "rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window! Here is a pause—low, deep murmurs—they are holding a council.

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once. Hark!—One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots; there are three dying men grovelling in the yard, beneath the shadow of that wall.

Quick, Bess—the rifles!

And the brave girl passed the rifles to her father's grasp; there are four shots after the other three; more soldiers fall back, like weights of lead, upon the ground and a single red coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there in that second story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle! At this moment the wounded and dying band below are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and with one bound are leaping from the summit of the wall.

Quick, Bess, my rifle!

And look there! even while the veteran stood looking upon his foes, the brave girl—for slender in form and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a hero-woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another, and another! Was not that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl grasping powder and ball, with ramrod, rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again! The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry, and another wounded man tumbling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look. A smoke rises there, a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burnt from its sockets—the passage will be free! Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial! While his brave daughter loads, he continues to fire with that deadly aim, but now—oh, horror! He falls, he falls, with a musket ball driven into his breast—the daughter's outstretched arms receive the father, as with blood spouting from the wound, he topples back from the window.

Oh, it is a sad and terrible picture!

The old man, writhing there, on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's gray hairs, while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim background to the scene!

Now, hark! The sounds of axes at the hall door; shouts! hurrahs! curses!

"We have the old rebel at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle; and then falls back again, his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of the daughter. Silently she loads his rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged shoulders come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block-house; they are rushing towards that chamber, with murder in their hearts and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives, they were not worth a farthings purchase now.

Still that girl, growing suddenly white as the kerchief round her neck, stands there trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder keg.

The door is burst open—look there!—Stout forms are in the doorway, with muskets in their hands, grim faces, stained with blood, glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, hazel eyes glaring with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech:

"Advance one step into this room, and I will fire the rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands alone, with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Embued as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men, in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there, with the rifle laid against the powder keg.

They stood, as if spell bound, on the threshold of that chamber!

At last, one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half enclosed in thick red beard, grasps his musket, and levels it at the young girl's breast!—"Stand back, or by ——, I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm; the bravo advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp "click" of that rifle falls with unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come daughter, kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me and let me feel your warm breath upon my face, for I am getting cold—O, dark and cold!"

Look! As those trembling accents ran from the old man's tongue, those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle—already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father is mustering the heroism of the moment. Look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! again she clutches the rifle; again, although her father's dying accents are in her ears, stands there prepared to scatter that house in ruins, if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle shot and the light of rifle blaze. Then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong arm of continential soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that hero-woman—with one bound, springs forward into her brother's arm, and nestles there, while her dead fathers—his form yet warm—lays, with fixed eye-balls, upon the floor.

The footstep in the Snow.

A Tradition of Christmas Night, 1776.

It was a dark and dreary night, sixty-nine years ago, when, in an ancient farm-house, that rises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christmas board.

It was a lovely picture.

That old man, sitting there on the broad hearth, in the full glow of the flame—his dame, a fine old matron, by his side—his children, a band of red-lipped maidens,—some with slender forms just trembling on the verge of womanhood! And the warm glow of the fire was upon the white locks of the poor old man, and on the mild face of his wife, and the young bloom of those fair daughters.

Had you, on that dark night—for it was dark and cold—while the December sky gleamed above, and the sleet swept over the hills of the Delaware—drawn near that farm house window, and looked in upon that Christmas hearth, and drank in the full beauty of that scene—you would confess with me that though this world has many beautiful scenes—much of the strangely beautiful in poetry—yet there, by that hearth, centered and brightened and burned that poetry, which is most like HEAVEN, *the Poetry of Home!*

You have all heard the story of the convict, who stood on the gallows, imbrued in crime—steeped to the lips in blood—stood there, mocking at the preacher's prayer, mocking even the hangman?—When, suddenly, as he stood with the rope about his neck—his head sunk—a single, burning, scalding tear rolled down his cheek.

"I was thinking," said he, in a broken voice, "I was thinking of the—Christmas fire!"

Yes, in that moment, when the preacher failed to warn, when even the hangman could not awe—a thought came over the convicts heart of that time, when a father and his children, in a far land gathered round their Christmas fire.

That thought melted his iron soul!

"I care not for your robes and your gibbet," he said. "But now, in that far land, —there over the waters—my father, my brothers, my sisters are sitting around their Christmas fire! They are waiting for me! And I am here—here upon the scaffold!"

Is there not a depth of poetry in the scene, that could thus touch the murderer's soul, and melt him into tears?

And now, as the old man, his wife, his daughters cluster around their fire, tell me, why does that old man's head droop slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble?

Ah, there is *one* absent from the Christmas hearth!

He is thinking of the absent one—his manly brave boy, who has been gone from the farm-house for a year.

But hark! Even as the thought comes over him, the silence of that fireside was broken by a faint cry—a faint moan, heard over the wastes of snow from afar.

The old man grasps a lantern, and with that young girl by his side, goes out upon the dark night!

Look there—as following the sound of that moan—they go softly over the frozen path: now the lantern flashes over their forms—over a few white paces of frozen snow—while beyond all is *darkness!*

Still that moan, so low, so faint, so deep-toned, quivers on the air!

Something arrests the old man's eye there in the snow—they bend down, he and his daughter—they gaze upon that sight.

It is a human footstep painted in the snow, painted in HUMAN BLOOD.

"My child," whispers the old man, tremulously "now pray to Heaven for Washington! For by this footstep, stamped in blood, I judge that his army is passing near this place!"

Still the moan quivers on the air:

Then the old man, and that young girl, following those footsteps stained in blood—one—two—three—four—look how the red tokens crimson the white snow!—following those bloody footprints; go on until they reach that rock, beetling over the river shore.

There the lantern flashes over the form of a half naked man, crouching down in the snow, freezing and bleeding to death.

The old man looks upon that form clad in the ragged uniform of the Continental army—the stiffened fingers grasping the battered musket.

It was his only son.

He called to him—the young girl knelt, and—you may be sure there were tears in her eyes—chafed her brother's hands—ah, they were stiff and cold! And when she could not warm them, gathered them to her young bosom, and wept her tears upon his dying face.

Suddenly that brother raised his head—he extended his hand toward the river.

"LOOK THERE, FATHER!" he said in his husky voice.

And bending down over the rock, the old man looked far over the river.

There, under the dark sky, a fleet of boats were tossing amid the piles of floating ice. A fleet of boats bearing men and arms, and extending in irregular lines from shore to shore.

And the last boat of the fleet—that boat just leaving the western shore of the Delaware; the old man saw that too and saw—even through the darkness—yon tall form, half-muffled in a warrior's cloak, with a grey war-horse by his side.

Was not that a strange sight to see at the dead of night, on a dark river, under a darker sky?

The old man turned to his dying son to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, tottering to his feet. "Father, give me the musket—help me on—help me down to the river—for to-night—for to-night—

As that word was on his lips, he fell.—He fell, and lay there stiff and cold. Still on his lips there hung some faintly spoken words.

The old man—that fair girl—bent down—they listened to these words—

"To-night—Washington—the British—to-night—Trenton!"

And with that word gasping on his lips—"Trenton!" he died!

The old man did not know the meaning of that word, until the next morning.—Then there was sound of musketry to the south; then booming along the Delaware came the roar of battle.

Then, that old man with his children, gathered round the body of that dead boy, knew the meaning of that single word that had trembled on his lips—

Knew that George Washington had burst like a thunder bolt upon the British camp in TRENTON!

Ah! that was a merry Christmas Party which the British officers kept in the town of Trenton sixty-nine years ago—altho' it is true, that to that party there came an uninvited guest, one Mister Washington, his half-clad army, and certain bold Jerseymen!

Would that I might linger here, and picture the great deeds of that morning, sixty-nine years ago.

Would that I might linger on the holy grounds of Trenton.

For it is holy ground. For it was here, in the darkest hour of the Revolution, that George Washington made one stout and gallant blow in the name of that Declaration, which fifty-six bold men, had proclaimed in the old State House of Philadelphia six months before.

Then, if that State House is the Mecca of Freedom, to which the pilgrim of all climes may come to worship, then is the battle ground of Trenton, the twin Mecca the Jerusalem of Freedom to which the Children of Liberty, from every clime may come—look upon the footsteps of the mighty dead—bring their offerings—shed their tears.

December 26th 1776!—

It was a dark night, but the first gleam of morning shone over the form of George Washington, as he stood beside the Hessian leader, Ralfe, who lay in yonder room room, wrestling with death—yes, Washington stood there, and placed the cup of water to his feverish lips, and spoke a prayer to his passing soul.

It was a dark night, but the gleam of morn shone on yon cliff darkening above the wintery river, over the frozen snow, where a father, a wife, a band of children, clustered around the cold form of a dead soldier.

He was clad in rags, but there was a grim smile on his white lips—his frozen hand still clenched with an iron grasp the broken rifle.

His face, so cold, so pale, was wet with his sister's tears, but his soul had gone to yonder Heaven, there to join the martyrs of Trenton and of Bunker Hill.

The Lesson.

A Tale of Domestic Life.

Three young ladies were seated in a rich apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis, and their cousin, Delilah Carlton. The latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing; the two former in discussing, critically, a ball at which all three had been present the preceding evening.

"I don't like that Mr Barton at all," said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation.

"Nor me either," responded Miss Emma; who was the eldest.

"And why not, cousin?" asked Delilah, "I am sure he is handsome enough, is he not?"

"Yes; but——"

"But what, coz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely his manners are pleasing, and his language polished, without affectation."

"Yes, yes, but for all that he is vulgar," said Emma, pettishly, "vulgar in his ideas."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Delilah, "you must again allow me to differ with you, coz," she continued, looking into her cousin's face with a winning smile. "I think he is quite refined, more so than Mr Rice or Mr Brown, and many of the other gentlemen."

"Only think of comparing Mr Barton with Mr Brown, the *gentleman!*" exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. "Why Mr Barton is a *mechanic!*"

"Well, suppose he is, dear," said her cousin, "does that make him vulgar, or less respectable? For my part, I think a mechanic can be as much of a gentleman, (in the true sense of the word) as a millionaire."

"Well, I declare, cousin Dill, you do have some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world like pa: he thinks one man just as good as another, even though he be a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters than mechanics. It is his fault that Mr Barton comes here; he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants me or you, Amanda. Wouldn't it make a fine paragraph for the papers? Miss Amanda (or Emma,) daughter of James Ellis, merchant, to Mr Charles Barton, mechanic.—Oh dear!" said the spoiled beauty, (for both sisters possessed great personal attractions,) throwing herself back upon the sofa and laughing heartily, and also did her sister.

"Well, well, girls," said Mr Ellis, who, hidden behind the half open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation, and who now entered the room: "you may laugh now, but you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr Barton for a husband. Mark that!" and the old gentleman, taking up his hat, left the apartment.

"I declare, if there is not Mr Barton on the steps!" exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the window blinds.—"Come, come," she continued, addressing her sister, "let us go up stairs into the parlor, and leave cousin Lile to entertain him; it will be a pleasure to her, she is partial to mechanics," and the sisters left the room.

The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr Ellis had introduced to his daughters and niece, some months before, as a mechanic. But, unlike their father, who valued a man for his character, and not for his money, the Misses Ellis were great sticklers for respectability, their standard for which was riches, and the consequence was, as we have seen, that Mr Barton did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr Ellis knew this false estimate of respectability was a predominant fault in his daughters' characters, and he determined to give them a practical and salutary lesson.—How he succeeded, the sequel of our story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the room, Mr Barton entered. He was about the middling height, with a fine figure, regular features, and intelligent countenance. His eyes were of a deep blue, his eyebrows finely arched, and his forehead high and white, from which the jet black hair was pushed back, displaying its fine proportions. He was certainly a handsome man, which fact even the Misses Ellis did not attempt to deny, and the ease and politeness with which he greeted Miss Carlton, spoke his claim to that which the lady herself awarded to him—the title of a gentleman.

He was soon seated, and in conversation with Delilah. Delilah Carlton was a charming girl. It is true she did not possess the exquisite proportions and regular features of her two cousins, but then there was ever a sunny smile upon her face, and a cheerful spark in her clear, light blue eye, and she had such light and bounding spirits that made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins, at least more agreeable; so thought Mr Barton, as he gazed upon her bewitching countenance. How much better, thought he, would it be to possess her for a wife, dependent as she is upon her uncle, and dowerless as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis with their spoiled tempers and their fortunes.

Thinking thus, is it to be wondered at that he left her with a half-formed determination to win her love if it lay within his power.

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loving habit of "running" their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you have spent a very pleasant morning, cousin" said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting tete-a-tete, was it not?" whispered Emma, across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Delilah blushing slightly.

"Oh! I dare say," sarcastically: "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, coz?"

"Well, and suppose he did," said Mr Ellis who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to that, than to the senseless conversation and sickly sentiments drawled out in affected tones by the foplings, half men, half monkeys, who disgrace humanity?" and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.

"But never mind, Lile,' he continued in a softer tone, and patting his niece's rosy cheek, "never mind, Mr Barton is worth three or four such would-be gentlemen as Mr Rice and Mr Brown, and in more ways than one. Mark that, girls! He is worth two or three such in more ways than one." The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and Mr Barton had become a frequent visitor to Mr Ellis. It was very evident he was paying particular attention to Delilah Carlton, and it was plain to see that they were not unacceptable. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father,

whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertion that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr Barton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time.—At length one morning, about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step and sparkling eye.

"Well, girls, what do you think of it?" said he, rubbing his hands in glee.

"What?" asked both young ladies in a breath.

"The wedding we're going to have."

"The wedding? what wedding?"

"Your cousin's."

"Delilah's."

"Yes, she is going to honor the *mechanic* with her hand. What do you think of it, eh?"

"I don't think much of it," said Miss Emma, with a toss of her head.

"Nor I," said Amanda.

"You don't eh? Well, suppose I was to tell you she was going to *marry a man* worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that alter your opinions?

"Why, what do you mean, pa?"

"Listen! and I will tell you, girls," said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave and somewhat stern look. "The father of Mr Barton, to whom your cousin is soon to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade about the time I entered the counting-house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started business for himself, and was married. Being possessed of a genius, and having a good education for a master mechanic and builder, he seen became an architect, and subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son Charles a good architect, so that if ever the 'fickle dame' should desert him, he would have wherewith to earn honestly his daily bread; he succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving his whole fortune, his wife being already dead, to Charles, his only child. About six months ago Charles came to this city on a visit.—He called on me as his father's friend. In the course of conversation I asked him why he was not married. He said he had never met with a young lady he thought worthy of calling his wife; that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his money, but that such a one he would never marry.

I told him that I would introduce him to *some of our city ladies, and see if he* could not find one amongst them to suit him.

He required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him only as a master mechanic.

I acquiesced, and knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a lesson, which I sincerely hope will have salutary influence. I knew when I brought him home with me, and introduced him, that neither of you would be chosen, because I was certain you would not stoop so low as to wed a master mechanic; but the event that will soon take place I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing whatever of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised, girls, but did I not tell you that you would be sorry some day that you did not obtain him for a husband? And did I not tell you that he was worth two or three such ninny-hammers as Mr Rice and Mr Brown in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be respectable, but that very often he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow is more of a gentleman than he who counts his thousands."

And they did remember it; for in after years they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest old father's lesson.

Whiskers!

The Pittsburgh Post man says that whiskers pay less in proportion to the trouble of cultivation, than any thing else that a man raises. It's a mistake. Don't they keep his face and throat warm in winter, and save bundling up every time he goes out? Don't they look manly, and don't they please the ladies, and don't they—stop a minute; we read something a few days ago about whiskers, in the Portland Tribune: here it is.

"Whiskers not pay! Has the Almighty ordained a thing in vain, then? Preposterous! Whiskers not pay! Ask the hapless wight who has been *shamed* out of them by such foolish remarks as the above how many silk cravats his wiry beard cuts out per year—ask him how often he has to pay the barber for honing his razor—ask him how often he is troubled with the sore throat and cold, since he doffed his 'glossy gotees.' Whiskers not pay!—Why then was man endowed with the beautiful appendage? We consider them as 'Heaven's *second* best gift to man'—*woman* being first, and have only to regret that we have not a better soil for their cultivation."—*Flag of Our Union.*

No choice for Gov., by the people in Me.

PALMER SENTINEL.

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Agents Wanted!

Four or five *responsible* Young Men are wanted to obtain subscribers for "The Sentinel." Good encouragement given. Any responsible young man in any of the adjoining towns where our paper circulates, wishing to act as Agent in obtaining Subscribers in that town, by writing a line to us, or calling at this office, shall be well paid.

CONSISTENCY AND ENERGY.—"Consistency is a jewel." Few there are, who practice it. The politician, who pursues a zigzag course in his endeavors to obtain power, though proverbial for inconsistency in opinions and political conduct, is, however, not the only inconsistent man.—How many do we find in the community, who profess to believe one thing and yet at the same time practise another. Here we see one man displaying immense zeal in the banishment of intoxicating liquors, and exerting all his energy, eloquence and powers of mind and body in depicting the horrors and dreadful effects of intemperance, at the same time this same man is subject to another species of intemperance, that is, excessive gluttony. He will declaim against the evils of intemperance, which is all right enough in itself, but at the same time he will most inconsistently stuff himself with food until his stomach refuses any more. He thus renders himself incompetent to do any thing requiring *mental effort, and becomes, in fact, a perfect* imbecile, until nature has had a chance to right herself. The politician, too, shows his inconsistency in advocating a particular measure, which affects the interests of his constituents, though such a measure is diametrically opposed to the principles, which he has long and ably cherished and advocated. In fine, profession and practice very seldom go together in the most common concerns of life.

We didn't intend to preach a sermon, when we began this article, but we cannot forbear saying a few words upon energy. Let a man be consistent and energetic in his course of conduct, and, if his aims be moral, he cannot fail of success. In business, whoever is energetic, unless prevented by inevitable misfortune, will accomplish whatever he undertakes.—There is no question, but that energy of character may be cultivated, acquired by effort and practice. To attain this we should be energetic in small matters.—Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. All that we say or do should be said or done briskly, promptly and decisively. In this way we will gradually acquire an energy of character. Energy is the soul of the intellect, wherever it is, there is life; where it is not, all is dulness, despondency and desolation. Some people suppose it is exhaustive of the animal spirits, and destructive to the nerves. But it is not so, it gives growth to the mind and body. The most distinguished men, who ever lived, have invariably been men of consistent and energetic purpose. Without these qualities their life would have been a barren waste. Cæsar, Washington, Napoleon, and the whole host of warriors, would never have fought and conquered, if they had been destitute of energy. Newton would never have made his stupendous discoveries without it. Luther, by his indomitable energy, levelled the proud power and haughty crest of Popery in the dust.

PALMER DEPOT is now in the full tide of successful progress. The County-Commissioners were out here last week and laid out the road over the Rail Road, east of the present travelled highway. We have been informed, that it is the intention of the corporation to proceed this fall and build this road, and a bridge over the Rail Road.

The location of the Depot is now finally settled, and the progress of improvements will now be unchecked. There is nothing now to prevent the rapid growth of Palmer Depot. Its advantages as a central place of business are immense, being the third Depot on the Western Rail Road in regard to the amount of business done, being second in that respect only to Worcester and Springfield.

LECTURES.—Rev. H. J. Lamb, of this village proposes giving several lectures at the School House, in this village, on Texas and Louisiana. Mr Lamb has resided to the South and has had an ample opportunity of ascertaining the soil, climate, education, religion and manners and customs of those countries. From the well-known reputation of the Lecturer, we have no hesitation in saying, that the Lectures will be productive of great benefit and instruction. The Lectures will commence this (Thursday) evening, at 6 1-2 o'clock.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN came to us last week in an enlarged form and an entire new dress. This paper is devoted to Scientific and Mechanical objects, and furnishes much interesting and instructive matter. It is published by Munn & Co., at $2 a year.

STEAMER NEW YORK LOST. — The steamer New York, which plied between New Orleans and Galveston, while on her passage from the latter to the former place encountered a tremendous gale, which tore all her upper works to pieces, and caused her to leak so badly that she went down. Seventeen persons lost their lives—only two were saved.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, for October, has been received. This number is superior to any of its predecessors for the neatness and elegance of its engravings, and the literary skill manifested in its articles. It is a "gem of the purest water," and in every respect entitled to the wide patronage it already possesses.

The Whigs held a State Convention, at Boston, on the 23d ult., and nominated his present Excellency George N. Briggs, for Governor, and John Reed, for Lieutenant Governor. Some Resolutions, on the subject of slavery, were introduced by Hon. S. C. Phillips, but were rejected by a large majority.

ACCIDENT.—One of the horses of Van Amburgh's train, a noble animal, weighing about 1850 lbs., on Thursday evening, got cast in the stable of the American House, Worcester, and in struggling to extricate himself, broke his leg. We understand that he lost another of his beautiful horses at Ware. How he was killed we have not learnt.

The white people of Mercer Co., Ohio, have resolved to remove John Randolph's liberated slaves from the County, if they do not start by the 1st of March 1847, and not permit them to do any grinding at their mills after January.

OREGON AND ATLANTIC.—A race was run between these magnificent vessels on the Sound, last week. The Atlantic beat the Oregon, and arrived at Stonington in the unexampled short time of six hours.

ABOLITION MEETING.—The Abolitionists held a meeting in this place last Thursday in Mr John Allen's Hall. The principal speakers were Rev. Mr Lovejoy, brother of the Lovejoy murdered at Alton, Rev. M. Trask, of Warren, and Wm. H. Burleigh, Esq. of Ct. They had a hall full.

GEN. G. P. BARKER, late Attorney General of New York, was taken with an appoplectic fit while addressing the jury at Buffalo, on the 19th ult., and was carried home, the physicians having little hope of his recovery.

Spencer, who has been undergoing a trial lately at Jersey city for the murder of his wife, has been acquitted, on the ground of insanity.

YALE COLLEGE.—Prof. Woolsey has accepted his appointment as president of this college, and will probably be inaugurated on the 14th inst.

PICKPOCKETS.—A gentleman had his pocket picked of $60, on Friday, while standing on the steps of the Tremont House, Boston.

Mr John S. Parker had his pocket picked of $115 at the Post Office, on Saturday.

The cars from Boston, on Wednesday evening 23d ult, ran off the track a short distance east of the Brookfield Depot.—No damage was done of any consequence.

We understand, says the Hampden Post, that a new Congregational Church and Society has already been or is about to be organized in this place, to be composed principally of the disaffected of Dr. Osgood's congregation. The services of Rev. R. H. Conklin have been secured as pastor, with a view to his ultimate settlement over the society.

The money article in the N. Y. Herald of Sept. 14th, says:

The amount on money seeking employment in Wall Street is daily increasing, and at this rate the money market must, in a few weeks, be much easier than it has been any time during the past two years.

HON. GEORGE ASHMUN, declines a renomination for Congress from this District.

GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.—A correspondent of Hills' Patriot says that Hon. Augustus C. French, who has just been elected governor of Illinois, is a native of Hill, N. H., where he was born in August, 1808, being now only 38 years of age. He studied law in Gilmanton, which place he left ten years, since for Illinois. His career has been a brilliant one, having risen by degrees, in the short space of ten years, to the highest office within the gift of the people. Gov. French was left an orphan: the artificer of his own fortune, self-educated, self-taught, ambitious and persevering, unknowing and unknown, but yet pursuing a steady, upright course, he soon became the favorite of the young democracy of the west, who have now placed him in the chair of state.

WORKING FOR A LIVING.—The following excellent article in the "Offering," edited by the factory Girls of Lowell, breathes the right spirit:

"Whence originated the idea that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or a blot upon female character, to labor? And who was the first to say sneeringly, "Oh, she works for a living!" Sure such ideas and expressions ought not to grow on American soil! The time has been, when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in employment. Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs and wash with their own hands the finest linens of their respective families. Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her attendants and the wife of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, employed herself in weaving until her husband returned from Ithaca."

Some editor got mad as fury because the lady described below would not have him, and published the following out of revenge:—

"Won't somebody marry a certain tidy old maid of this place? For seven long years she has been squirming and screwing along the pavements, with a reasonable quantity of fine dry goods hung upon her in order to attract attention, but somehow or other, the *b'hoys* won't *go it*—she can't make them love no how she can fix it. She frequently passes our office, and really gets along as nice as if she had St. Anthony's dance. Now won't some fellow snatch her as a 'brand from the burning." We hope so—she has lots of good clothes,"

CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT.—The following is from the Cincinnati Times:—

"The volunteer who stabbed Lieut. Peasely, at Camp Whitcomb, near New Albany, Ind., on the 4th of July, was tried by a court martial and condemned to be shot on the 28th ult. at Matamoras.

The Matamoras Flag says that an officer recently stated in that office, that from the day he first encamped on the Rio Grande, an average of one dead body per day had floated with the current past his encampment. Many a man is seen in the streets one day by his friends, and then is suddenly missed, and without creating surprise enough to induce an inquiry as to where he has gone. In many instances we have no doubt but that they are murdered and thrown into the river.

MORE EVIDENCES OF DESTRUCTION.—Yesterday we were handed a bundle of stalks of Cotton, from James Island, covered with bolls, almost every one of which had been entirely perforated by the cotton worm, and consequently incapable of producing a particle of Cotton. The accounts of the devastation of the Cotton fields come to us in such a shape, and from such quarters, as to put at rest all doubt that the coming crop will be unusually short.—*Charleston Courier.*

CLIPPING COIN. — Several persons in Nashville have been arrested for counterfeiting. One of the individuals has been held to bail for his appearance in the United States court upon the charge of clipping the coin. A quantity of rings cut from the genuine coin were found in their possession, together with the instruments employed in cutting them. It seems they take a ten dollar gold piece or a half dollar, and cut off a ring from the edge, thereby diminishing the weight and value of the good coin, and then use the rings in riming base coin.—*Balt. Pat.*

HOUSEHOLD SERVICES OF A DOG.—"I say, stranger," said a cottage urchin in the neighborhood of Montreal to a Yankee pedlar, who was vending his wares in that quarter, "don't whistle that ere dog away." "Why, he ain't no use, no how, he's too homely." "O, but he saves heaps of work." "How?" "Why, he licks the plates and dishes clean, so that they never want washing, and mammy says she wouldn't part with him no how, for our new dog ha'n't got used to mustard yet."

NEW ROUTE BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK.—A large and heavy steamer of 1450 tons burthen, and 315 feet long, is in the course of completion at New York, which is intended as the pioneer of a new line about to be established to run from that city to Fall River, and from thence to this city by Railroad. She is building under the direction of Capt. Jos. Comstock, and will cost, when completed, $160,000.—Another of the same size will be shortly contracted for.—*Atlas.*

DISASTER TO THE U. S. BRIG WASHINGTON.—We regret to state that during the late tremendous gale on the Southern coast the U. S. Brig Washington had her commander and eleven of the crew washed overboard and lost. The following is an extract from the log book of steamer Palmetto, from Philadelphia for Brazos St. Jago, which put into Charleston for supplies:—

"At half past 12 o'clock on the 11th, boarded and supplied United States brig Washington with a boat—she having lost boats, anchors, and carried away both masts, thrown overboard guns, &c. The Captain and eleven seaman were washed overboard; she was under jury masts, lat. 65 10, lon. 36 40. The P. left a hermaphrodite brig alongside the Washington to render any assistance that might be required."

The late gales appear to have been sadly disastrous all along the coast. Numerous disasters are detailed in the marine journals of the city papers. The brig Excel arrived from Savannah on Monday, and reports that she fell in with the ship Ocean, from New York to the Balize, with U. S. troops on board. The Captain said he had suffered severely by the gales, and had lost some of his crew or some of the troops overboard; it was not understood which.—*Repablican.*

THE AREA OF FREEDOM.—Iowa and Wisconsin are now members of the family of the United States. In respect to territory, these two States will contribute largely to the "area of freedom." Wisconsin contains about 50,000 square miles, and Iowa is still larger, leaving an area of nearly 60,000 square miles. The aggregate area of all the New England States is only 65,000, in round numbers. Both Iowa and Wisconsin together are but little more than half as large as Texas, their elder sister, which added at least 200,000 square miles to the organized territory of the Union.—Florida added about 60,000 more. The aggregate area of the United States is now nearly 1,300,000 square miles. Iowa and Wisconsin are glorious States—more glorious for being forever secured against the pestilence of slavery. They are rich in natural resources, and, to use a Western expression, they are "bound" to take rank, at an early day, among the most populous States of the Union. Iowa is bounded, 250 miles on the Mississippi River, and 170 on the Missouri. The line of Wisconsin runs on Lake Michigan and Green Bay, more than 300 miles, on Lake Superior 100, and on the Mississippi about 200.—*Traveller.*

AN AUCTIONEER'S DIMISSION.—The editor of the Cincinnati National gives the following as the manner in which an auctioneer of that city dismissed his customers a few evenings since:

"You can now put off to your peaceful homes, such of you as have any—those who have not will please retire to your respective stalls in the market house; and there consign yourselves to the hug of Mr Morpheus. Visit no coffee houses on your way, lest afterwards unwillingly you make the reeking gutter your nocturnal couch, and there receive the visits of some marauding swine, the ravenous cravenings of whose capacious maw shall cause him to insert his unwashed snout into the inner temple of your shirt bosoms! I pray you avoid it. Now git out of this house, every beggar of you, or cross dogs and your coat tails will become intimate acquaintances. Slide!"

A green-horn from the State of Vermont yesterday went into the mock auction establishment of a man named Gilbert, who at that particular moment was selling a fine gold watch at something less than $21; and the Vermonter not liking the idea of any person getting a gold watch so cheap when for a trifle more he could become the owner of the watch, bid $21, and forthwith it was knocked down to him. He immediately walked up to the counter, paid the money, took possession of the beautiful watch and left the store. He had not been gone long before he ascertained that his gold watch was well polished brass, and he was advised to apply to the Mayor for redress, which he did. The dread of having a banner paraded before the door, caused Mr Gilbert to return the money, and the Vermonter reckons he will be more careful next time.—*N. Y. Post.*

Manners, says the eloquent Burke, are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The laws touch here and there—now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality they aid morals; they supply them or they totally destroy them.

MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL.—A student of Western Reserve College, who has been there in various stages of education for nine years, has supported himself by grafting, innoculating, and otherwise introducing choice fruits, and has, in fact, revolutionized and luxuriated all the town round. That man will make himself a living any where, and not be dependent upon charity for assistance.

WILD SPORTS IN THE WEST.—"Well," said Cheney, after he had cooked the trout to a turn, and placed a plump, red, juicy fellow upon a clean cedar chip before each of us, with an accompaniment of roast potatoes, and capital wheaten bread; "now isn't this better than taking your dinner shut up in a close room?" "Certainly, John," said I. "A man ought never to go into a house except he is ill, and wishes to use it as a hospital." Well now, I don't know whether you are in airnest in saying that, but that's jist my way of thinking. Twice I have given up hunting and taken to a farm: but I always get sick after living long in houses. I don't sleep well in them; and sometimes when I go to see my friends, not wishing to seem particularly-like, I first let them go quietly to bed, and then slip out of a window with my blanket, and get a good nap under a tree in the open air. A man wants nothing but a tree above him to keep off the dew, and make him feel kind of homelike, and then he can enjoy a real sleep." "But are you never disturbed by any wild animal when sleeping without fire or camp?" one of us asked. "Well, I remember once being wakened by a creter. The dumb thing was standing right over me, looking in my face. It was so dark, that neither of us I suppose could see what the other was; but he was more frightened than I was, for when I raised myself a little, he run off so fast that I couldn't make out what he was; and seeing it was so dark, that to follow him would be of po account, I laid down again and slept till morning, without his disturbing me again." "Suppose it had been a bear?" "Well a bear isn't exactly the varmint to buckle with so off hand; though lying on your back is about as good a way as any to receive him, if your knife be long and sharp; but before now I've treed a bear at nightfall, and sitting by the root of a tree until he should come down, have fallen asleep, from being too tired to keep watch, and let the fellow escape before morning."—*Hoffman.*

A NIGGER STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—A black boy, 17 years of age, residing in Pa., robbed his father of $11 and started for N. Y. in the cars. The father, on discovering his loss, and ascertaining that he made his way to New York, immediately applied to the lightning telegraph, and despatched a communication to the chief police there, giving a description of the boy's person and dress. This information arriving about half an hour before the train of cars, Mr Marsell at once deputed officer Horrigan, one of his aids, to do up the business, which he did most effectually by arresting the runaway boy, and on being "frisked," $7 of the stolen money was found on his person, and the balance he accounted for, having purchased a coat before leaving Philadelphia, which he pd. $1 75 for, and $2 25 for his passage, making exactly $11. The darkie, when told by the officer that he was informed by the lightning line of his running off with the money and was coming on to New York, remarked that he "thought he travelled almost as fast as lightning in the cars, but," said he, "dat lightning telegraphy must be de werry debbil himself to go faster than I did," nor would he hardly believe his eyes until he found himself locked up to await the arrival of his father. The boy still thinks there is some witchcraft about the matter, and that the chief of police must be in some way connected with the devil.—*N. Y. Herald,*

FIRST SIGHT OF A HORSE.—The sensation produced by the presence of the strangers had not in the least subsided at the period of our arrival at the islands. The natives still flocked in numbers about the encampment, and watched with the liveliest curiosity every thing that was going forward. A blacksmith's forge, which had been set up in the shelter of a grove near the beach, attracted so great a crowd that it required the utmost efforts of the sentries posted around to keep the inquisitive multitude at a sufficient distance to allow the workmen to ply their vocation. But nothing gained so large a share of admiration as a horse, which had been brought from Valparaiso by the Achille one of the vessels of the squadron. The animal, a remarkable fine one, had been taken ashore and stabled in a hut of cocoa-nut boughs within the fortified enclosure.—Occasionally it was brought out and, being gaily caparisoned, was ridden by one of the officers at full speed over the hard sand beach. This performance was sure to be hailed with loud plaudits, and the "puarkee nuee" (big hog) was unanimously pronounced by the islanders to be the most extraordinary specimen of zoology that had ever come under their observation.—*Four months residence in the Marquesas.*

THINGUMFULLS.—A lady at the Springs—being desirous of obtaining the recipe for making a certain pudding, to be met with nowhere but at Congress Hall, applied to the superintendent for the same. It was immediately furnished in the following clear and conspicuous terms:—"Take a few eggs, a quantity of milk, a thingfull of currents, a thingfull of meal, a thingfull of wine, three thingfulls of flour, and sweeten to your taste.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Yankee School Masters. Correctly answered by G. E. L., Palmer.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A pair of good old dames were not long since regaling each other with the wonders of their childhood. One observed that when she was born she was so small that they put her in a quart tankard and shut down the cover.

"Why, la me!" exclaimed the astonished auditor, "and did you live?"

"Yes, they said I did, and that I grew nicely.

When I hear of a coquette's marriage, says Richter, I am reminded of the doge's custom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, spite of the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

"Water is your element, and I will not take you out of it, but I will put *my* tea-kettle upon the fire, and make your situation very uncomfortable," as the old woman said to the frog in her tea-kettle.

An experiment is now in progress in Connecticut, to manufacture the cigars by the same machinery used in making pins. We hope they'll succeed.

The corn crop in Texas is said to be excellent. Potatoes bid fair to do well;—but the rot has made its appearance in some places.

Sixty millions of bricks it is stated were manufactured in Somerville last year, and one company in Cambridge, have in one season, manufactured no less than fifteen millions.

Counterfeit Mexican dollars are in circulation, very well calculated to deceive. They appear to be made of brass and copper, covered with a thin plating of the pure metal, and a little lighter than the genuine. The lettering or stamp somewhat blurred.

A boy was asked, "Does the leopard change his spots?" "Oh, yes, when he is tired of one spot he goes to another."

The Rev. C. Wray, of Liverpool, in his pamphlet recently published expresses his suspicion that barren marriages often proceed from the omission of "the prayer for the blessing of children" at the wedding.

Two sextons meeting the other day, one of them remarked on the vast increase of mortality, "Well," replied the other, "you're luckier than me, for I havn't buried a *living soul* these three weeks!"

Sam Slick says there are two languages that's universal—the language of love and the language of money; the gals understand the one and the men understand the other: the world over.

By the ancient law of Hungary a man convicted of Bigamy was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extremely rare.

We know a gentleman in New York, who keeps a *piano* in his kitchen for the use of his servant girls, (three in number,) and imposes upon his beautiful and accomplished daughter, the responsibility of instructing them.

"I've always taught my children to say *yes sir* and *no sir*," remarked Mr Fidget.—"There's nothing like manners in children. Here, Tommy," he continued, "would you like to go and live with this gentleman?" "No." "No *what?*" "No *sir-ee.*"

The Newsletter states that there are between 25 and 30 manufacturers of whips in Westfield, who employ in addition to their shop hands, as many as 1000 braiders, and who send out every year not less than 100 pedlars.

"Please marm," said a little ragged urchin to a lady, "will you please to give me a drink of water, for I'm so hungry I don't know where I shall sleep to-night."

Ladies who have occasion to prepare peaches and plums for preserving, will find an advantage in pouring boiling water over them, which will cause the skins to come off more readily.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

If you have feelings of revenge, put off all thoughts of it till you wake up the next morning. The first light of day has love in it.

A person threw the head of a goose on to the stage of the Bellevilie Theatre.—Cortru, advancing to the front, said,—"Gentlemen, if any one amongst you, has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it on the conclusion of the performance.

The best snuff in the world, is a snuff of the morning air.

Here is a receipt worth to farmers the price of our paper for a year: "Take a pint of pulverized charcoal and put in a bag; then put it into a barrel of new cider and the cider will never ferment, never contain any intoxicating quality, and become more palatable the longer it is kept."

It is ills that have never happened, which chiefly make men wretched.

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth are boundless.

True it is that the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

SHARP SHOOTING.—The report of the last battle at Nauvoo, states that the engagement lasted over four hours, and that during this time more than eighty cannon shots were fired. How they managed to kill and wound so few is to us a mystery. Only three of the Mormons were shot dead, and some five or six wounded; and on the other side the loss is said to be even less. The fight must have been carried on at a considerable distance, and out of the reach of small arms. The artillery appears to have done but little execution and the gunners must have been poor marksmen, or so terribly frigtened at the smell of gunpowder that they could not take aim with any degree of precision.—*St. Louis New Era.*

HONORABLE REVENGE.—Dr. Radcliffe, who was fond of the pleasures of the table, was one afternoon comfortably disposing of a bottle of wine, when a countryman entered the room, and begged him to come to his wife, who was dying. "I can't help it my fine fellow—I can't move till I have finished my bottle." Now it happened that the countryman was a large, strong man, and the doctor a very small one; so it occurred to the former that his best plan was to seize the doctor and carry him off on his shoulders. He did so: and while bearing his load along, the doctor bursting with rage, exclaimed, "You villain, *I'll cure your wife!*" and, horrid to say, he was as good as his word.

HOW TO ADDRESS A LADY.—A bachelor may address a lady as "Madam;" if, however, he claim an acquaintance with her, he may employ the terms "dear madam;" and should there be a little bit of tender attachment, "My very dear Madam;" but in case of being in love, and an interchange of affection be evinced, something like the term of "dear girl" may be used. Hlways say "dear girl" when the object addressed is over thirty, for at that age women like to be thought young.—When a man is in love, and the woman he addresses in a similar predicament, the more extravagant the terms used to convey his passion, the more will his suit be admired. Remember, always address a woman over thirty as "my dearest girl," or "charming girl."

The temperance cause, in England, says Mr Garrison in a letter to his wife, has made very little progress, especially among the "respectable" and "good society" folks. Almost wherever I go to partake of the hospitalities proffered to me, decanters of wine are on the table, and not to take a glass of poison is an act of singularity which immediately excites notice and observation.

DEATH FROM EARLY MARRIAGE.—Mary Ann, wife of Ezra J. Bevin, died suddenly, a few days since, in Syracuse, N. Y. A coroner's jury, from the testimony of physictans who examined the deceased, returned a verdict of death, caused by premature marriage. She was 15 years old, though her appearance indicated only 12 or 13.

Of all new-born infants, it is said, one out of four dies the first year; two-fifths only attain the sixth year; and, before the twenty-second year, nearly one-half the generation is consigned to the grave.—Attained however, to the age of maturity, one out of every thirty or forty individuals die annually.

Why is Wilder's Salamander Safe like a celebrated race-horse? Because it always comes out all right at the end of every *heat.*

There is a woman now living in Moscow, T. Y., who is 157 years old.

Thermometer, yesterday (Wednesday,) at 7 o'clock in the morning, stood at 42, at 2 o'clock P. M., it stood at 80 degrees.

Quite a difference.

5000 mules are employed by Gen. Taylor in transporting stores and ammunition from Camargo to Monterey. They march in long trains, each mule having his nose tied fast to the tail of the next.

AN ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Chicopee Mirror, that on Thursday evening last, the locomotive run off the track at Cabot Depot into the Canal; no damage was done to any of the passengers.

The Springfield Republican says: "To such a degree of perfection and skill, have Church Choirs reached, in these times, that we are sometimes puzzled to know, on a Sunday morning, whether we have not made a mistake and gone to a fashionable Concert instead of to the House of God."

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.—A negro man named Charles, slave of Mrs. Ann Abell, on the Patuxent river, Md. forcibly entered the dwelling of Mrs. Evans, a widow lady living near Clark's mill, on the night of the 6th inst., and outraged the person of her daughter, Mrs Davis, in the most shocking and brutal manner. He was arrested and committed to jail.

Wood! Wood!!

Wood in *any quantity* taken in exchange for the Sentinel, if brought *soon*.

[Retail Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

PROVISIONS.

Butter, lump,	20 a 27	West'n do lb	7 1-2 a 8
do tub, lb	14 a 18	Lard, best, lb	8 1-2 a 9
Cheese, new		Do. West'n.	
milk, lb	8 a 10	keg, per lb	8 1-2 a 9
do 4 meal	4 a 6	Veal, lb	5 a 10
Eggs, dozen	15 a 16	Calves, whole	4 a 7
Beef, fresh, lb	6 a 12	Lamb, lb	5 a 8
do salted, lb	6 a 7	Mutton, lb	4 a 16
do smoked	8 a 9	Sheep, whole	5 a 7
Hogs, whole	5 a 6 1-4	Chickens, pr	37 a 1
Pork, fresh	8 a 10	Turkeys, pr	1 50 a 1 50
do salted	7 1-2 a 8	Pigeons, doz	1 25 a 1 50
Boston Hams, per lb	9 1-2 a 10	Geese, Mon'l	1 00 a 125

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, swt. bushel	a 2 50	Turnips, bush	50
		Onions, bunch	3 a 5
Potatoes, pk	17 a	Beets, bush	a 1 25
Cabbages,	6 a 8	Beans, "	1 75 a 2 00
Squashes, lb	1 a 2	Parsley, box	a 6

FRUIT.

Quinces, none		Apples, bush	1 00 a 150
Cranberries,	0 00 a 1 50	Pears, bush	
Chestnuts,	2 50 a 3 00	Apples, d'd lb	6 1-2
Shellbarks,	1 37 a 1 62	Oranges, box	2 50 a 3 00
Grapes, Hamburg, lb	25 a 37	Lemons, box	2 75 a 3 00
		Figs, lb	10 a 12

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

Lump, 100 lbs	20 a 23	Cheese, best,	
Tub, best, ton	10 a 16	pr ton	8 1-2 a 9
Shipping do pr ton	7 a 10	Common, do	5 a 6
		Eggs, 100 doz	11 a 12

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Apples, bbl	1 00a2 00	bush,	2 50a3 00
Beets, bbl	1 00a1 50	Pickles, bbl	6 50a7 00
Carrots, bbl	1 00a1 25	Peppers, bbl	3 00a9 00
Potatoes, bbl	1 00a1 25	Mangoes, bbl	8 00a10 00
Onions,			

LEATHER.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Phil. best, lb	20a22	N.Y.red, l't	14a15
Do country,	19a20	Do do he'vy	13a14
Balt. city tan	20a21	East. sligh'r	14a15
Do dry hide	17a18	Do dry hide	12a14

WOOL.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Saxony fl. lb	38a40	Com. to 1-4 do	27a25
Do prime	40a41	Lambs, sup.	33a38
Do lambs	a	Do 1st qual.	27a30
m. ful l bl'd	37a38	Do 2d qual.	18a20
Do half blood	30a31	Do 3d qual.	14a17

LIME.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Thomaston, per cask	85a90	L'Etang, St. Geo. co w l	a
Camden.	75a80	Do 1st qual.	a

HAY.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Country, cwt	85 a 90	Straw, cwt.	50a55
Eastern, ton	10 00a11 00		

HOPS.—[Wholesale Prices.]

1st sort, 1846	10a11	2d sort	a

BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.

[Wholesale Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

Mess Beef, bbl		Ohio Mess	13 00 a 13 50
cash price	9 00 a 9 50	do Prime,	11 00 a
Navy mess,	8 00 a	Boston Lard,	
No 1 do	7 50 a	in barrels,	8 1-2 a
Pork, Boston		Ohio do do	a 8 1-2
ex cl bbl	a 16 00	Boston Hams,	a 9
Boston clear	15 a 15 50	Ohio do	8 a 8 1-2
Ohio ex cl	14 a 14 50	Tongues, bbl	18 00 a 20 00
do clear	14 50 a 15 00		

HIDES.—[Wholesale Prices.]

B Ayres, dry hide, lb	12a12 1-2	African,	10a16
Pernam. d.s	8 1-2a9 1-2	Calcutta cow,	
Rio Grande	12a13	g. salted	80a1 10
W. Indian	9 1-2a10	Do dry	40a70

CONSUMPTION.

There is, perhaps, no disease with which our country is affected, which sweeps off annually so many victims, as that fell destroyer of the human race—Consumption. Day after day, year after year, the insatiate monster hurries to the portals of the cold and silent tomb fresh added victims to its conquest. No walk of life is sacred from its blighting influence. No age is exempt from its death-dealing shafts. The old, the middle-aged and the young, all alike, are food for this common enemy of mankind. The white-haired patriarch, whose life of temperance has rendered his system impervious to the attacks of other ills, and whose good deeds prepared him for the enjoyment of life's calm evening, finds consumption fastening its fangs upon his vitals, and tearing him from a world, ever bright to minds which look complacently on days well spent.

Is there no help for the afflicted? No preventive of the dangers which beset us in our changeable and fickle clime? We think there may be.—And if the allegations of those who are at least entitled to veracity, may be believed, there is a preventive and a remedy.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is offered to a suffering world as such. It needs not the "adventitious aid" of a long string of fictitious certificates to give it notoriety. Its true value and intrinsic excellence are sufficient to entitle it to the confidence of the public, and

"Waft on to fame"

the name of its inventor, as a benefactor of his species.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, *"a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."*

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of from the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.

N. H. Down's

Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Summer Goods.

SELLING off at great bargains, at the depot store to make room for Fall Goods.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S

Mr. F. Brown,

Dear Sir: I am much gratified in having an opportunity to announce to you, that, by the use of three bottles of your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, I have been, from a state of general debility and decline, and continual suffering, restored to the enjoyment of good health. For a number of years I have been troubled with the Liver Complaint, so badly at times, as to prevent my attending to business, and Dyspepsia followed, with loss of appetite, weakness and debility, and a sinking and oppressive sensation at the stomach, most painful and distressing, which gradually decreased my strength, and led me into a decline, and debilitated me so much as to occasion fears for my recovery; while in this situation I was induced, by the persuasion of a friend, to make a trial of your Bitters, and was most happily disappointed in finding an immediate relief; and before I had taken the contents of the first bottle, I had obtained a comfortable state of health, and before I had used three bottles, I enjoyed better health than for a number of years. This was about two years since, and my health has continued good till the present time. I must say that I have not much confidence in patent medicines, but I am satisfied, from the wonderful effects of your Bitters in my own case, and of friends whom I have induced to use it, that it is a valuable medicine, and I take much pleasure in recommending it to my friends and acquaintances, and indeed to all who are thus afflicted, as well worthy a trial. I remain yours,

PELEG SPRAGUE.

Bath, Me., April 20, 1844.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

☞ The various and almost numberless certificates of the efficacy of *Hunt's Liniment*, given by those, who have by its power, after years of helplessness, been restored to the use of their limbs, and who moved by a sense of gratitude and duty, come forward to recommend it to their suffering fellows, present a case so strong that none but the most ungenerous can hesitate to acknowledge all that it claims to be in the way of alleviating and permanently eradicating pain of every description. We therefore say to our friends, wherever they may be, under whatever disease they may be laboring, which can be reached by an external remedy,—buy Hunt's Liniment,—persevere in its application—and we have not the least hesitation in saying that you will find disease to vanish at its touch, and have reason ro bless the day when you first made the trial of its healing virtue.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Brighton Market.—*Monday Sept.* 28.

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.]

At Market, about 2600 Beef Cattle, three-fifths of which were Stores, 3200 Sheep, and 1350 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—Last week's prices were fully sustained. We notice seven beautiful Cattle from Sterling, sold on the hoof, price probably higher than our quotations. Extra 5 50; first quality $5 25; second $4 50 a 5; third 3 25 a 4.

Stores—Two year old $10 a $14; three year old $16 a $24.

Sheep—Lots were sold as follows: 1 25, 1 33, 1 62, $2, and 2 25.

Swine—One entire lot, more than half Barrows, 3 6-8c; selected lots 3 1-2 and 4 1-2c; lots to peddle 3, 3 1-4 and 4, 4 1-4c; old Hogs 3 3-4, 4 and 4 1-4c. At retail from 4 to 5 1-2c.

MARRIAGES.

At the Monson House, on the 9th, by Austin Fuller, Esq., Mr Jona. A. Gough, and Miss Ann S. Barrett, both of Palmer.

In Pelham, Sept. 10th, Mr L. C. Sheldon, to Miss Adaline Wedge of Pelham.

DEATHS.

In Belchertown, Mrs Thankful, wife of Mr Nathaniel Walker, aged 69.

In Brimfield, on the 14th, Mrs Sarah R., wife of Mr Orson Sherman, aged 46.

In Wilbraham, on the 18th, Mr Festus Work, aged 42.

In Ludlow, on the 17th, Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Stephen Seymour, aged 91.

In West Brookfield, on the 13th, Mr William Clapp, aged 63.

Free Lectures.

In compliance with the request of several young men of this village, that I would give some account of what fell under my notice while residing in the South, I propose, in several Lectures, to describe the soil, climate, face of the country, productions, state of society, slavery, education, religion, habits and customs of Texas and Louisiana. In the absence of a Lyceum, I am the more willing to do this, hoping that it may contribute to the literary benefit and amusement of the young people of this place. The first lecture will be given at the School House, on Thursday evening to commence at 6 1-2 o'clock. H. J. LAMB.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 30, 1846.

The Female Temperance SEWING SOCIETY,

Will hold their next meeting at the Hall in Thorndike, on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 7th, at which time and place all the Ladies of the several villages in town, are respectfully invited.

A. M. HITCHCOCK, Sec'y.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 28, 1846. 38-3m

REMOVAL.

C. TORREY, Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to A. N. Dewey's new building, South of the Rail Road, OFFICE, up stairs, opposite Sentinel office

C. T., is Commissioner to take Depositions, and the Acknowledgment of Deeds in Massachusetts, for use and record in New Hampshire.

Palmer Depot. July 1, 1846. tf 25

B. B. WHITTEMORE,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Post Office,

24tf PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF

English, German, French and American

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.

—ALSO—

In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the

Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment,

WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

Gentlemen

CAN be accommodated with a cheap article of Boots, Brogans and Shoes, at McGILVRAY'S.

FURNITURE & CHAIRS!

OF every description, superior workmanship and latest style, may be found at SMITH'S NEW CABINET SHOP and

Furniture Warehouse

THORNDIKE. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. The undersigned has established himself at the above place, where he is endeavoring to acquire a reputation for manufacturing good work, which he is determined to sell cheap, cheaper, cheapest, for cash only. His arrangements are such that he cannot be undersold, either in this vicinity, Springfield or Worcester, and respectfully invites those in want of any thing in his line, to give him a call and satisfy themselves with regard to the truth of the above statement.

Thorndike, Aug. 1846. LEBBEUS C. SMITH. 31-3m

Palmer Depot

BOOT, SHOE & CLOTHING STORE.

J. BOWLES,

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Palmer and the adjoining towns, that he keeps on hand and will make to order every variety of

Boots, Shoes and Clothing.

Also—A good assortment of *Confectionary and Fancy Articles.*

Also—A large lot of superior CIGARS, wholesale and retail. Hotels furnished at the lowest prices for cash.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 18, 1846. 37-tf

A FARM WANTED

WORTH from 1500 to 2500 dollars, with good buildings, &c. Any one having one for sale at a fair price, in the vicinity of a market, by stating the quantity of land and wood,—condition of buildings, quality of soil, price, &c., by addressing the same to E. C., through the post office at Three Rivers, may find a purchaser.

A good grass farm, and one well supplied with water, would be preferred. 37-2tf

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establisment!

L. A. BAILEY,

HAVING taken great pains to procure the most approved FASHIONS for the coming season, is now prepared to manufacture Garments of every style in the best manner at the lowest rates, and at the time specified.

Cutting done at Short Notice

and full and ample directions given in regard to making, and a

FIT WARRANTED.

The subscriber feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, hopes by unremitting attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. L. A. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 2, 1846. 34

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

STRAW CUTTERS.

HOVEY'S PATENT SPIRAL

STRAW CUTTERS. Also a good assortment of

WORCESTER PLOWS,

for sale at E. TENNEY'S, about one-half mile east of Palmer Depot. 35-3t.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

Wanted!

4 GOOD TAILORESSES will find immediate employment, by calling on

THEODORE C. DENEKEE.

Monson, Aug. 30, 1846. 34-6t

Hats! Hats!!

SOME beautiful style Drab and Black Hats, now offered for sale at

McGILVRAY'S.

THE subscriber has just received a large addition to his extensive stock of Gent's Thin Boots and Ladies' Shoes, which he is selling at remarkably low prices.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

LADIES' GLOVES & HOSIERY.

A FULL assortment at low prices, at

McGILVRAY'S.

Hams, Pork and Lard.

EXTRA Boston Hams, Pork and Lard, for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

Shoes! Shoes!!

JUST received at the Depot Store, a fine assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, in all qualities, colors and prices, to which the attention of the Ladies is solicited.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

GINGHAMS & LAWNS.

SPLENDID styles selling at a great discount, at McGILVRAY'S.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,
Benjamin Washburn.	

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

SIR,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't,

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 95 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Calleher, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

For Sale!

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm in Belchertown, pleasantly situated about one mile south of the centre of the town, on the stage road leading to Palmer Depot. It comprises about

110 Acres of Land,

and all under a *good state of improvement.* Most of the farm is of easy tilth by the plow, or may become permanent mowing. On it is a large two story dwelling house, well finished, wood house, large barn, &c.,—all the buildings have lately been very thoroughly repaired, house painted outside and inside,—the buildings will need but very little done to them by way of repairs for many years to come. It will be sold on most reasonable terms—upon the payment of a small part of the purchase money at the time of sale, the residue of payments might be deferred to distant periods to meet any reasonable wishes of the purchaser—indeed the payments for most of the purchase money might be extended till the avails of the farm, under an industrious and prudent management might be sufficient to meet them. Any young man of sober, industrious habits, will find it an advantageous opportunity to secure to himself a good farm, pleasantly situated, and upon terms within his control.

MARK DOOLITTLE.

Belchertown, Sept. 16, 1846. 36-6t

A FEW pieces more of those Black German Cloths, which have given so good satisfaction just received and for sale at the depot store.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

POETRY.

A Novel Reader.

Here's a picture, highly colored, but not overdrawn, being a copy from nature.—Novel reading is an infatuation, and may as easily "possess" one as any other mania.

She slumbered in the rocking-chair
She'd occupied all day;
And in her lap, half open, there
The last new novel lay.

Upon the hearth the dying brands
Their latest radiance shed;
A flaring candle ne'er her stands,
With crowns upon its head.

Her hair, which long unkempt had been,
Was hanging loosely round,
The curls by many a shining pin,
In closest durance bound.

Her gown—it had been white, I ween,
But white it was not then;
Her ruffles too, had once been clean,
And might be so again.

One slipshod foot the fender prest,
The other sought the floor,
And folding o'er her heavy breast,
A faded shawl she wore.

The flickering light is fading fast—
The parlor colder grows;
The midnight hour has long been past—
The cock for morning crows.

Then cares not she for mortal things,
For in her busy brain
The history's imaginings
Are acted o'er again.

But while in this delicious nap,
Her wiling sense is bound,
The book, escaping from her lap,
Falls lumbering to the ground.

She wakes, but 'tis alas to see
The candle's latest beam;
Nor in the blackened coals can she
Revive one friendly gleam.

Then groping through the passage far,
She steals with noiseless tread;
And leaving every door ajar,
Creeps shivering to bed.

To My Swateheart.

You're a broth of a crature,
In form and in fature,—
It's myself that now tells you that same,
And sure, by my troth,
I'll not be very wroth,
If you'll plaze me by changing your name.

What a swate little wife,
As a partner for life,
My darlint, 'tis you might be living;
And I'm just the boy,
To wish you much joy,
When your heart it's to me you'll be giving.

I'm half dead—botheration!
With sad consternation—
Of your flirting it is that I'm spaking;
So plaize to be thinking,
When you're winking and blinking,
It's my own honest heart that you're braking.

The divil a haper,
Will I stand of a caper,—
'Twould kill me to find you deceiving;
By my sowl and I'd die,
And that same is no lie,
Before I'd be kilt by me grieving.

Then spake but the word,
My nate little bird,
That you're niver a man's but mine;
And straight to the praist,
It's myself that'll haste,
To make you my *swate wolantine!*

Teddy Magowan.

For The Sentinel.

Enigma.

I am composed of 10 letters:
My 4, 3, 2, 6, 8, is a musical instrument;
My 10, 9, 6, 5, are necessary articles in keeping your house clean;
My 7, 2, 1, is necessary in your parlor;
My whole is a remarkable phenomenon on the earth.

NEW JERSEY.

An answer is requested.

A Puzzle.

Place 4 figure 9's in such a position that they will be equal to 100.

N. JERSEY.

An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

An attorney, about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but that's not the way I make my bread."

A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like a man that had such a complication of diseases that he didn't know which to die of, and so lived on.

Douglass Jerrold says that "as old Mother Eve created the necessity of wearing that useful garment, called a shirt, by the sons of Adam, that therefore it was but just for her daughters to wash them."

A hungry Jew was paying particular attention to a ham, when asked what he was saying to it, replied, "I was saying, thou almost persuadest me to be a christian."

A lame gentleman, says Ephraim, always stops before he enters his house, because he halts in his gait.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

The Farmer---His Position, Responsibilities and Duties.

MR. EDITOR:—I propose, in a few articles, to take a cursory view of a subject which to my mind is one of abiding interest to every farmer in Western New York. I would not seek to excite prejudice against any class: I aim not to depress or injure, but to stimulate the great body—to infuse a proper, a necessary pride into the great controlling interest of this country—and to induce them to look to their position as it is, and to what it may and should be. The census of 1845, exhibits to us the fact that the great mass of the people of the State of New York are engaged in Agricultural pursuits. Every body concedes that the farming interest is the great interest—that it is at the head of every other—exercising the greatest influence over the prosperity and happiness of the country. Indeed, it forms the ground work of society in Western New York, and upon it rests all other interests. The inquiry is, then, one of deep interest, as to the condition of this base, upon which so much rests; and nothing is more important than to know whether there be moral and intellectual strength sufficient for the important duties to be performed.

The character of our political institutions, and the character of our laws, and of society in this country, give to the agricultural portion of our people peculiar importance. We differ from most other nations in this, that our land is divided into *small* parcels or estates, and is *owned* by those who till it. The system of renting, or of tenantry, so universal in most countries, is comparatively unknown with us, and where known is a source of agitation and trouble. And here let me say that I regard this feature of our country one of its chief glories, and the very best evidence in favor of the stability and perpetuity of our free institutions. There can, I imagine, be little doubt of the beneficial influence of a diffusion of landed property.—He who owns the soil on which he treads, who calls his home his own, better loves that home, and feels more the spirit and responsibility of a freeman. Not indeed that a tenant or a laborer who has not a title for the land he works, can not or will not be a good citizen; but what I affirm is, that the inducement to be a good citizen—to respect and cherish the laws—to cherish and practice the virtues of good neighborhood, and to make all things about his home cheerful, and as they should be—is greater on the part of him who has a legal interest by ownership in the land he occupies, than he who has not. This point will not be contested. History and experience, in this and other lands, is instructive on this point, and strongly admonish us to guard against large accumulations of land, in the hands of single proprietors. Nor do I think there is much to be feared from this point, for many years, if ever, in this country.

In this country the term FARMER has a different meaning than in the old world.—Here the general signification is, one who tills the soil which he owns, and not one who works the land of another. But when I speak of the farmer, I wish to be understood as embracing all who till the soil, and labor in the production of the fruits of the earth—all the men and women who toil and spin, and produce commodities of whatever kind of which mother earth is the immediate cause or foundation. And this embraces full three-fourths of the population of Western New York—comprehends a large part of the wealth and resources of the State—and, as a consequence, other things being equal, the farmers should exercise a controlling influence in all matters pertaining to the interests of the people.

Do they occupy this commanding position? Do they, in the Legislation of the State and Nation—in the Educational and Scientific enterprizes of the day? And if they do not, what is the reason? In my next I will pursue the inquiry.

D. A. OGDEN.

Preserving Apples.

I send you an *apple* which I bought in the fall of 1843, of my neighbor, Thomas Meirs. Among others, it was put into my cellar, in open casks; and about the first of January, 1844, I overhauled them, and put three barrels away, packed in plaster of Paris—first a layer of plaster then a layer of apples—and so alternately, till the barrels were filled. They were then headed up, and stood till the early part of last summer, when I overhauled and assorted them, and put them in a box in layers of dry oak saw-dust. The box had a lock and key, and has been kept locked up only when we got apples out to use. We continued using out of the box, till some time after early apples were ripe, and I supposed they were all used out, but on town-meeting day, the 11th of March, 1845, (it being stormy) I told my man to assort my apples, and fill that box again with saw dust and apples. Upon unlocking the box and taking the saw dust out, to our surprise there were three apples in the box, and all of them perfectly sound. The apple I send you having been kept in a warm room, has commenced, as you perceive, to rot.—*Cor. Maine Cultivator.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

American Facts.

It is among the worst omens of the day, that we have in the United States no national feeling, no genuine love of country. The traveller in other lands finds everywhere the institutions and productions of a people prized by themselves, though they may be condemned by strangers.—Here the order is changed. If any work in literature, art, or science, is by an American, it is set down by the mob of gentlemen who talk of such matters, as altogether worthless, or as deserving a favorable regard only on account of its resemblance to something foreign. We recite a few facts, admitted by the world abroad, for this sort of people.

Imprimis: The greatest man, "take him for all in all," of the last hundred years, was George Washington, *an American.*

The greatest metaphysician was Jonathan Edwards, *an American.*

The greatest natural philosopher was Benjamin Franklin, *an American.*

The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram Powers, *an American.*

The greatest of living poets is William Cullen Bryant, *an American.*

The greatest of living historians is William H. Prescott, *an American.*

The greatest living ornithologists is John James Audubon, *an American.*

The greatest of living novelists is James Fenimore Cooper, *an American.*

The greatest painter, in portraiture, was Henry Inman, *an American.*

There has been no English writer in the present age whose works have been marked with more good humor, more refinement or more grace, than those of Washington Irving, *an American.*

The greatest lexicographer and philologist, since the time of Johnson, was *Noah Webster, an American.*

The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of happiness to mankind, in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton, and Whitney,—*all Americans.*

If one of these facts or estimates is doubted we can prove them by *Foreign* authorities, and so prevent all controversy.—*Scientific American.*

Public Worship.

How interesting to the devout mind is the return of the Sabbath. The husbandman retires from the field—the merchant from his speculations, and the mechanic from his shop. The toils of domestic life are suspended as far as possible—a season of rest for weary man and beast arrives. The Sabbath morn brings fresh to our recollection the divine existence, and the glorious Creator of all worlds. The dawn of the first Sabbath may be brought to view when the noble creature man looked with wonder and rapture on this lovely sphere—when in notes divine harmonious nature proclaimed the Almighty's praise; and when heaven and earth responded to the commendation of the great Creator.—Oh! what an infinite loss is sustained by the man who does not appreciate the Sabbath! Nothing, surely, is so calculated to kindle and improve the flame of devotion as the worship of God's house. Thither the pious multitude resort. The notes of praise begin to sound—the voice of prayer is heard—Christian hearts begin to beat—Christian love to glow—one holy and happy family communing with their Father. He speaks and His Word proclaims his love. He tells of the incarnate One who died to save. Oh what music is the name of Jesus to the soul that feels its need of mercy! Heaven's portals open to the eye him who was doomed to woe and he leaps for joy. Who can help wending his way to the house of prayer? Who will be hindered by trifling things—by slight indisposition—by a few drops of rain—or by winter's cold? The soul satisfying pleasures realized—the divine hopes inspired—the heavenly instruction gained, all serve as a fresh impetus in the christian course. These delightful seasons will soon come to an end. So let it be that we may enter upon an endless Sabbath in a nobler clime.—*Recorder.*

Help Others.

It is the right and only true doctrine—help others. That poor fellow has a load too heavy to carry up the hill. Go to his aid and you will relieve yourself. Here is one with a cloud on his brow. Lift upon him the light of a smiling countenance and you will be happy. The tears flow fast from yon sorrow stricken child.—Brush them away and the tear of joy will spring to your eye. List to the words of anger that come from the lips of that young man. A word only, and he will be silent, while you will pass on rejoicing.

Help others—at all times and every where. Be ready with words, smiles, looks and something more, if necessary.—There is nothing like good feelings in the world. They have headed an ocean of sorrow and quenched many a flame of passion.—*Portland Tribune and Bulletin.*

A country editor very coolly throws out this valuable hint to his readers:—"Chickens will fatten on tomatoes. If your neighbors have tomatoes in their gardens, now is your time to turn out your poultry. They will help themselves."

A Battle Field.

For two days a thousand cannon had swept it, and three hundred thousand men had struggled upon it in the midst of their fire. The grassy plain was trodden into mire, on which nearly twenty thousand men mangled, torn and bleeding, had been strewn. Many had been carried into the city during the night, but some stark and stiff in death—some resting on their elbows, pale and ghastly, and calling for help, others writhing in mortal agony, amid heaps of slain, still covered the ground. Others which had been hastily buried the day before, lay in their half covered graves—here a leg and there an arm, sticking out of the ground, while to crown the horror of the scene, multitudes of women were seen roaming the field, not to bind up the wounded, but to plunder the dead. They went from heap to heap of the slain, turning over the mangled bodies, and stripping them of their clothing; and loaded down with their booty, gathered it in piles beside their corpses. Unmolested their work, they made the shuddering field still more ghastly by strewing it with half-naked forms. White arms and bodies stretched across each other, or dragged away from the heaps they had helped to swell, made even the heart of Napoleon turn faint as he rode over the field of slaughter. The terrified inhabitants came out from the cellars of their burnt dwellings, and strove to relieve this wo by burying the dead and succoring the wounded. Such was the field of Dresden.

A Good Man.

A good man is respected every where by those whose respect is worth having. None are so lost to a virtue as not to pay him reverence, all speak to him in a subdued and gentle tone of voice—and each one seems to say, I would like your respect and friendship.

A good man will sooner or later be known as a good man. Water is no more certain to obtain its level, than such a one is to ultimately obtain from those around him a true estimate of moral worth. Deception may seem to prevail for a time, lying and hypocrisy may momentarily obtain an advantage; but the man of truth and solid worth will live and flourish long after those who are guilty of them, are "twice dead and plucked up by the roots." And his peace of soul—his joy in believing, and this tranquil and happy state of mind are worth more than silver or gold, for neither of these can purchase them.

O how sadly do those err who think to prosper thro' falsehood and dishonesty!—Until the laws of nature and the human mind are reversed, the expectation of all must utterly perish. They are opposed by the warning of their own conscience, the declarations of the Bible. The eternal principles of right are interwoven with the whole frame works of Divine Providence—and lay by everything good and desirable.

Sacredness of Tears.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal fountains. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence!—Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footstep. Despise not woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not that the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an actual pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live: and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Jersey Mosquitoes.

The New York Morning News, tells a capital story of mosquitoes, who know, as it states, a little more than the far-famed Southern gallinippers. Thus it is:

"A well known author who resides in the 'true blue' State, has been sadly annoyed for some years by the bill-sticking operations of the mosquito, and at the beginning of the season he purchased a couple of nets, with which he completely covered his bed. On several mornings he noticed, upon rising, that these nets were covered with blood, and that his person was plentifully adorned by small punctures. Curious to know the cause, he kept awake one night, when he ascertained that the mosquitoes had procured straws, stuck them through the nets, and sucked his blood as a liquor-fancier takes a julep."

A ruined debtor, having done his utmost to satisfy his creditors, said to them, "gentlemen, I have been extremely perplexed till now, how to satisfy you; but having done my utmost endeavor, I shall leave you to satisfy yourselves."

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 275 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by COMSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of COMSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

EBEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor,

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, biles from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-5m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by McGILVRAY.

Paints, Oils & Glass,

ARE now selling at such prices at the depot store, that all who wish to purchase need not think of purchasing cheaper, at any place in the county. D. F. McGILVRAY.

CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASS WARE, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Carpetings, and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

Summer Goods,

SELLING off at great bargains, at the depot store to make room for Fall Goods.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guaranteed!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guaranteed.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guaranteed.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, gratis.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

A large assortment of the most valuable

FAMILY MEDICINES!

Among which are Truit's, Norman's (Peruvian, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', and Russell's Bitters, Huil's, Gardner's, Wright's, Brandreth's, Lescur's, Smith's (sugar coated,) Persian, Phinney's, Ball's, Richardson's, Phelps', (Tomato and Cough,) Gridley's, Peters', Hitchcock's, Russell's, United States and various other Pills.

Whittemore's Vegetable Syrup for Diarshœa, &c. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, an invaluable remedy for Worms. Becannon's Pulmonary Syrup, Covert's Balm of Life, Richardson's Pectoral Balsam, Ames' Cough Syrup, Moore's Essence of Life, Down's Elixir, Sand's Sarsaparilla, Egyptian Eye Wash, Catarrh Snuff, Cheesman's Arabian Balsam, Michaux's Freckle Wash, Brandreth's and Gridley's Liniment, Opedeldoc, Sand's remedy for Salt Rheum, Cohen's Rheumatic Embrocation, Roog's German Ointment, Griswold's, Sweet's, Essex's, Sherman's, Bettis' and Hebrew Plasters.

Sherman's, Fales', and Peters' Medicated Lozenges, Castor Oil, Hot Drops, Tooth Powders, Hair Tonics, Essences, &., &c.

Warranted Genuine, for sale by

8 A. BLODGETT.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of from the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.

N. H. Down's

Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by

D. F. McGILVRAY.